

Trouble, At Last

by AkaiHato

Category: Farscape

Genre: Humor

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2000-05-09 08:00:00

Updated: 2000-05-09 08:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 16:29:53

Rating: K

Chapters: 1

Words: 940

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: It makes you wonder, what the crew of Moya do when they're not caught up in some life-threatening adventure or another...

Trouble, At Last

If you have ever been bored- not just bored, but truly, completely bored, you can sympathize with the crew of Moya, who are in such situations where there is no situation...

>

>

>

-Trouble, At Last-

>

"Pilot?"

"Yes, Crichton?"

"Are you sure everything's fine with Moya?"

"...You asked me that 2 microns ago."

"Oh, go and answer his question, Pilot," yawned Rygel, floating into Crichton's quarters.

Crichton, laying stomach down on his bed, facing the doorway, and arms crossed underneath his head, gave Rygel an irritated look. "Who said you could come in here?"

"No one, and by now, do you really care?" replied Rygel, yawning so much that he didn't see where he was going and crashed head on to the wall.

>

Crichton would have laughed, but he didn't even feel like getting up to chase Rygel out of his room. Meanwhile Rygel blinked groggily, backed up, and drifted across the room in no particular direction.

>

"Did you want me to answer the question?" asked Pilot.

"What question?" asked Aeryn, her interested mildly perked, as she tromping carelessly into Crichton's room.

"The one concerning... ah... Crichton, what did you ask me again?"

"Ummm... I can't remember. Forget it."

>

"Oh," said Aeryn, her face dropping in disappointment. She staggered, then fell stomach down near the edge of Crichton's bed, letting out a groan of boredom.

>

Rygel vaguely noticed that Crichton didn't bother telling Aeryn to get out of his chamber. Then he bumped into Crichton's bed, bounced off, and skidded onto the floor near the foot of the bed. Apparently not caring that he was floored, Rygel declared, "It's no fun going into Crichton's room, he doesn't react anymore."

>

Crichton shifted his arms, and declared in a sleepy tone, "This is bad, we gotta do something. Anything."

"Such as?" noted Rygel, turning his head and raising his ear-thingies hopefully.

"Food cube fights are out since Pilot told us to stop, D'Argo isn't letting anyone mess with his sword after that incident..." began Aeryn, "Zhaan won't let us get intoxicated with her herbs after that... other incident... Your Tadek or whatever deck is too confusing."

"Play catch with Rygel, or preform some other form of activity that's possibly psychologically unhealthy and cruel to Rygel but nonetheless amusing?" suggested Crichton in a bored voice.

"If you want to execute any form of movement, go and do so," replied Aeryn drowsily.

>

"Oh, hey, I remembered my question," said Crichton, lifting his face a little. "Pilot, are you sure everything's fine with Moya's systems?"

"Affirmative. As it has been for a very long time."

"No irregular rhythms, no fluxes, no malfunctioning, no unusual readings on anything?" asked Crichton.

Pilot's voice acquired a dangerous undertone. "....You're mocking me aren't you..."

>

By then both Rygel and Aeryn had fallen asleep.

>

Just then Zhaan, seemingly unaffected by the palled atmosphere, strolled into Crichton's quarters, without bothering to announce her intentions. She noticed Aeryn and Rygel both slumbering, and gave Crichton an odd look, as if to ask him how this came to be.

>

Chiana sighed dramatically and swung into the room, flopping herself down onto the floor, sitting cross-legged, elbows on knees and hands glumly supporting chin.

>

Before Crichton could comment on the phenomena of everyone wandering into his room without regarding his consent, D'Argo came trudging in, sniffing suspiciously at something in the air. Zhaan plunked herself down on the bed onto the remaining space on the bed, as did D'Argo, and the joined forces was enough to create a ripple of motion in the bed large enough to wake Aeryn as Crichton flounced in surprise against her; then, as the rest of the wave hit her, fall off the bed and onto a rudely-awakened Rygel.

>

Rygel abruptly sat up, and looking nauseated wiped his mouth and made a few spitting motions.

"Oh, for- wait, did you two kiss each other again?" asked Crichton, his voice suddenly turning mistrustful.

"Good gods no. But I don't appreciate the fact that I am to be aroused from my slumber by a mouthful of hair!"

Aeryn, hearing this, had a expression of revolt flicker across her features as she raised a hesitant hand to run through her raven-hued hair.

"See, I knew it was a good idea coming here," commented Chiana, looking considerably entertained.

>

Soon everyone was involved in a pointless conversation, which shifted from topics such as the limits of Rygel's appetite, to the origin of dentics and food cubes, to the waste-disposal system aboard Moya, to Crichton's native world, and they were in the middle of a fiery debate involving cement trucks and chickens, when Pilot made an announcement.

"Attention!" he began in a genuinely surprised accent. "Er... Peacekeepers have been sighted!"

Zhaan and Chiana slipped in a few more remarks, then everyone froze.

>

"....What?"

"You mean it?"

"Yes, Peacekeepers have been sighted, and apparently the same has been of us. In addition, Moya is experiencing glitches in her systems due to some unknown cause, and a space anomaly of some sort has appeared nearby-"
>

Pilot was interrupted by the crew of Moya bursting into a cheer and scrambling up from their various positions to rush out of Crichton's room.
>

Pilot bestowed an interesting expression and called up his numerous DRD's to prepare for action, while various shouts rang through he corridors of Moya.

"Whoo!"

"Yesssss!"

"Hurrah!"

"Hah-ha!"

"Long-due excitement!"

_ "Trouble at last!"_
>

>

-The End-

>

>

____[First published at Farscape Bboard, May 9, 2000]_

>

>

>

>

>

>

>

>

End
file.